No. 49

~~NO. 2502~~

AUG. 26, 1953

Tom Trip to his *Companions*.

Old Gingerbread, with Wiſdom ſound,
Sells uſeful knowledge by the pound,
And feeds the little Folks, who're good,
At once with Learning and with Food.
What ſay you Friends---Shall we go buy?
Aye, Aye!---Who's firſt then, you or I?
and away they ran for a Book

E RENOWNED

ISTORY

OF

Giles *Gingerbread*

A

tle Boy who lived upon Learning.

[Price Two COPPERS.]

BOSTON:

nted by MEIN and FLEEMING, and to be
old by JOHN MEIN at the *LONDON*
BOOK-STORE, North-side of King-street;
BOSTON. MDCCLXVIII.

which Place may be had, A great variety of
Entertaining and Instructive Books for Children.

The PREFACE

THE reader perhaps, may be so u
reasonable as to expect an accou
of the Birth, Parentage, and Coun
of our Hero. If he does I can assu
him he will be disappointed: These a
circumstances which he has no right
be informed of; for a good man may
born any where, of any parents, a
in any Country. He is a

CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

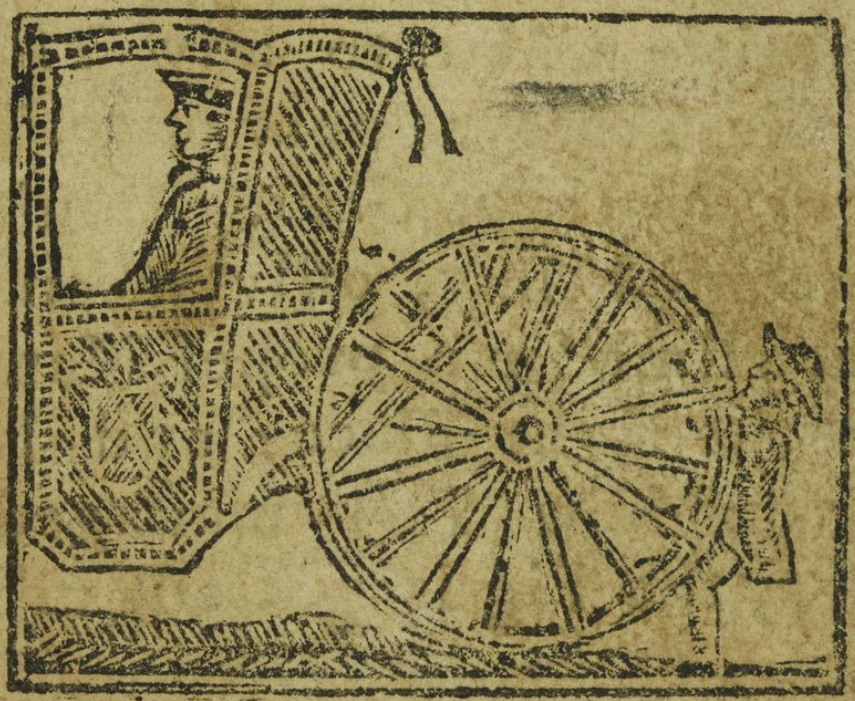
Whether you, gentle reader were bor
in my native Country, where the Frog
sing like Nightingales, or at any othe
place, you may be as wise and as hones
as I am.

If a man is a good man, and an ho-
nest man, it is no matter where he was
born, and if those who have lately
made so much noise about country and
party, had been scholars to GAFFER
GINGEERBREAD, he would have
knocked their heads together for being
such Boobies.

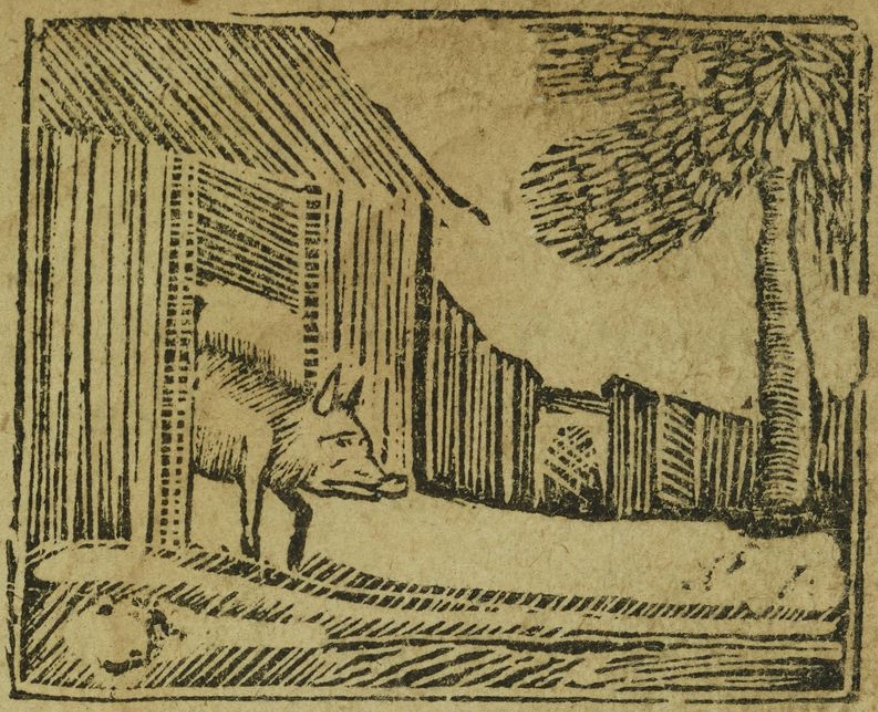
CHAP. I.

An adventure of Little Giles Gingerbread.

ONE day as *Gaffer Gingerbread* was coming from Work, he ſaw little *Giles*; who was as ragged as a Colt, getting up behind Sir *Toby Thomſon*'s Coach.



upon which he called to him: Here, *Giles*, come hither to me! I ſee, ſays the Father, you want to get up the Coach, but you are climbing at the wrong place, *Giles*; you ſhould endeavour to get in at the Door. Ay Father, ſays the Boy, but that Place is not for poor Folks. Not for poor Folks replied the Father, yes, but it is. A poor Man, or a poor Boy may get a Coach, if he will endeavour to deſerve it. Merit and Induſtry may intitle a Man to any Thing. Why Sir *Toby* was poor once, aye, as poor as thee, *Giles*. Don't be diſheartened Boy, only when you climb, climb in a proper Manner, and at the right Place; and I will tell you how *Toby* managed it. But ſee, the Pig is got out of the Stye,



put him in first, and then I will tell you.

Giles ran as fast as he could to put in the pig; for he was learned *to do as he was bid*, or he would never have made either a good Boy or a great Man. There is no doing any Good for Boys and Girls who are obstinate, and will not take Advice, and do as they are bid. No, no! such Children never make great Men and Women; but are always neglected and despised.

CHAP. II.

An Epiſode: ſhewing, *How* Sir Toby Thomſon *became a great Man, and obtained ſo much Money, and ſuch a fine Coach.*

GILES came back puffing and blowing, now Father tell me, now Father tell me, ſays he, how I may get ſuch a fine Coach as Sir *Toby*'s. Ay, ſays the Father, that I will *Giles*. I will tell you how Sir *Toby* got his, and if you behave in the ſame Manner that Sir *Toby* did, you may get one alſo, and take up your poor Father to ride with you when he is grown old and weary.

Sir *Toby Thompſon*, was the Son of Goody *Thompſon*, and lived at this little Hut upon the Green

His Mother was a poor widow, and had three Children. *Toby* was the eldeſt, and as ſhe was obliged to go out every Day to Waſhing, Scouring, and ſuch ſort of Work, ſhe left little *Toby* at home to take Care of his Brother and Siſter, and lead them about as you may ſee,

It happened one Day that Goody *Thompſon*, had no Victuals to leave the Children, and they were all crying at the Time when Mr. *Goodwill*, a rich *London* Tradeſman, who had a Houſe in this Country, was going by. Bleſs me ſays Mrs. *Goodwill*, who was with her Huſband, what is the Matter with theſe poor Children, and ſtepping up to the little one, what do you cry for ſays ſhe? I am hungry, anſwered the Child; and I want ſome

Bread, cryed the other.——And what do you cry for, says Mr. *Goodwill* to *Toby*? Because I have no Bread to give my Brother and Sister, says the Boy. This is a hard Case says Mrs. *Goodwill*, I pity the poor Children, let us take them Home with us and feed them. Ay, with all my Heart, says Mr. *Goodwill*. It is sad thing to want Bread. I pity both the Children and the Mother; and I like the biggest Boy much; for he who could forget his own Wants, and cry for those of his Brother and Sister, must have a good Heart. So, for all they were fine Folks, Mr. *Goodwill* took up one Child, and Mrs. *Goodwill*, the other, and carried them on, leaving little *Toby* to trot by as you may see.

When the Children had a Belly-full they no longer cried; but went to play till the Evening, when their Mother came crying for them, and told Mr. & Mrs. *Goodwill* her Case.

Mr. *Goodwill* gave her Money, and allowed her ſo much a Week, towards the Maintenance of her and the Children, and took little *Toby*, and ſent him to School; where he behaved very well, and ſoon learned to read and to write. After ſome Time Mr. *Goodwill* took him Home to his Houſe in *London*, to run of Errands, and do any other Buſineſs for the Servants and Clerks in his Shop and Counting-houſe.

Now it happened, that tho' Mr. *Goodwill* was a very honeſt, charitable and good Man, yet he was not altogether ſo wiſe or prudent as one would expect a Man to be who lived in *London*, and knew the World; for he was very fond of Horſes, continually went to *Barnet*, *Epſom*, and other Races, and kept two Race-Horſes himſelf, which ran away with half

the Profits of his Trade.

Theſe are pretty Creatures indeed, but they are not fit for a Tradeſman. They were kept at great Expence, turned his Thoughts from Buſineſs, and led him into Schemes of Betting and Gaming, which were ſcandalous. At the Time that he was ſo taken up with his Horſes, he had the Misfortune to have a Servant in his Houſe who was not honeſt; which *Toby* diſcovered, and wrote to his Maſter about it, but in a diſguiſed Hand, and without putting any

Name to the Letter. Enquiry was made, and Money and Goods were miſſing. Upon which all the Servants were examined except *Toby*; and as he was a Boy, and thought incapable of defending himſelf, the Thief laid the Robbery on him. Mr. *Goodwill*, without that Conſideration which is neceſſary on theſe Occaſions, ordered him immediately to pack up his Things, and go about his Buſineſs. Yes, Sir, ſays *Toby* crying, but firſt hear me. I know that you have been defrauded, Sir, and I thought it my Duty, as you was my Maſter, to inform you of it. I wrote you a Letter, Sir, in a feigned Hand and without a Name, when you was at *Newmarket*; but at the Corner of the Letter you will find a private Mark, by which you may know it to be mine; and I ſhould not have done this, had I been guilty

of the Robbery. No, Sir, you have been a Father to me, and have been just and honest to you but this Man has not, (pointing to the Thief) for I saw him take Goods privately out of the Ware-house and carry them to the Pawn-Brokers. The Master was astonish-ed! He looked at the Letter, found the Mark, and saw the Boy was innocent, and then searching the Pawn-Brokers, the Goods were found.

Toby knew that it was his Duty not only to be honest himself, but, if possible, to make others so, and you will presently see how God Almighty blessed him for it, and how he was rewarded for his Fidelity.

After this Mr. *Goodwill* placed great Confidence in *Toby*, and his Affairs so prospered, that he became very rich. He then took in

Toby as a Partner with him, and at his Death left him the whole Trade, and a large Sum of Money, which is still increasing; and from being a little ragged Boy and living in that Hut, he now rides in this fine Coach. Think of this, my Dear *Giles*, and learn your Book, and say your Prayers, and go to Church, and be honest and good and industrious, that you may get a Coach also.

CHAP. III.

How Little Giles *first acquired his Learning.*

AS soon as *Gaffer Gingerbread* had finished this Story of *Toby* and his Coach, little *Giles* ran up to his Father, and begged that he would give him a Book and teach him to read, that he might be-

come as great a Man as Sir *To*
Thompſon.

Gaffer Gingerbread, who was
pretty good Scholar, pulled a Boo
out of his Pocket, and ſittin
down under a Tree with *Giles* i

his Lap, now, ſays he, if you will
be a good Boy and mind what I
ſay, you may ſoon learn to read.
You muſt know, *Giles*, that all the
Words in the World are ſpelt, or
made up, of theſe twenty-four
Marks or Letters, pulling out of

his Pocket an Alphabet cut in Pieces, which he had made of Gingerbread, for he was by Trade a Gingerbread Baker. Theſe he placed in this Manner,

a b c d e f g h i k l m
n o p q r ſ t u w x y z

All the Words in the World, ſaid *Giles*, laughing; yes, Sirrah ſaid the Father, what do you laugh at? I ſay all the Words in the World; all the Words that you, and all the People in the World can think on, may be ſpelt with theſe Letters differently placed. Then let me ſee you ſpell *Top*, ſaid *Giles*. So you ſhall, ſays the Father. See here is a T, and an o, and a p,— and theſe placed together thus make *Top*. Ay, that is a little Word, ſays *Giles*, but you cannot ſpell *Plumb-Pudding*. Why yes I can, ſaid the Father, ſee here is a

P, and an l, and an u, and an m, and a b, which placed thus make *Plumb*; and here is another P, and an u, and a d, and another d, and an i, and an n, and a g, which when placed thus make *Pudding*, and theſe two Words put together make *Plumb-Pudding*.

Let me ſpell, Father, ſays *Giles*, and taking the Gingerbread Letters in his hand, what ſhall I ſpell, ſaid he? Why the Name of any Thing you ſee, quoth the Father. Then I'll ſpell *Gooſe*, ſays the Boy; ſo ſaying, he took up a G, and a u, and an f, and an e, and placed them thus, *Gufe*. You Blockhead, is that your Manner of Spelling, ſays the Father, who would certainly have been angry, but at this Inſtant Farmer *Milton*'s Hog made at the Geeſe and Goſlings that were before him. Run *Giles*, run, ſaid the Father, and away he flew

to ſave the Goſlings, which he did with the Aſſiſtance of a Gander, that laid hold of the Hog's Ear to keep him off.

See what affection all Creatures have for their Young, and what Care they take of them. What will not a Father and Mother do to preſerve their Children; and Children ought to do the ſame for their Parents, but there are naughty Children who do not conſider this, tho' God Almighty has promiſed long Life to thoſe who do.

Honour thy Father and thy Mother, that thy Days may be long in the Land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Giles came back crying (see here is) and told his Father that the

Geese hissed and laughed at him. Ay, that is because you cannot read, answered the Father. Come hither *Giles*, says he, you must learn to know all the Letters, and the Sound they have, alone, and when joined to others, before you can spell and read. In the Word

ou attempted to ſpell, you have aken an f inſtead of an ſ, and a inſtead of oo, for want of nowing the Letters and their ound. Here take up this A and ook at him well; you ſee he is ery different from all the reſt. Jpon this *Giles* took up the Letter nd then read, A, A, A, ſays he, Ay, Mr. A, I ſhall know you again, Apple for that—B, B, B, you are not at all like A, Mr. B; I ſhould be a Blockhead if I did not know you—C, C, C, I ſhall know you Mr. C indeed, and ſo will every Boy that loves Cuſtard—D, D, D, Drum and Dumpling will make me know you Mr. D—E, E, E, Eggs and Eel Pye for ever—F, F, F, Fine Folks and Furmity for you, Mr. F—G, G, G, Gingerbread and Gooſeberry-fool, will always make me love you, Mr. G—H, H, H, Hogs-puddings and hot Cockles

for ever—I, I, I *Jack Jones* t
Inkle weaver will put me in mi
of you Mr. I—K, K, K, come M
K, you ſhall help me make a Ki
—L, L, L, my little Lamb and n
littleLark will help me to remem
you Mr. L—M, M, M, Money fo
you, Mr. M, when I can get iw
and when I fool it away, you ſha
call me Monkey—N, N, N, Nu
and Nonpareils for ever—O, O
O, Oranges, one a Penny, two
Penny Oranges—P, P, P, Punc
and the Puppet-ſhow, huzza—Q
Q, Q, you ſtand for a Quail, M
Q, and I ſhall always think o
you, when I ſee a Queer Fellow—
R, R, R, you are a Raven, Mr. R
and a Rat-catcher, and a rum
Duke—S, S, S, ſtands for Swa
and for Swede, and for a ſilly Boy
that can't read—T, T, T, oh M
T, I ſhall know you by my To

ſad my Trumpet, and Trap-ball—
t U, U, Unicorn for that.
hi e Lion and the Unicorn fighting
M for a Crown,
K e Lion beat the Unicorn all a-
n bout the town.
b , W, W, a wiſe man can never
f rget you, Mr. W, when he has
i wild Duck for Dinner—X, X, X,
a u look ſo croſs Mr. X, that I can
u mpare you to nothing, but I
C all know you again by your dou-
e Face—Y, Y, Y, you are like my
c ellow Hammer, Mr. Y, young and
l ly, but you may have more Wit
t hen you grow in Years.——
o , Z, Z, Z is a Zany, and Zany's
— a Fool,
R Who don't love his Book, or his
n Maſter, or School.
n The Father finding that little
y *Miles* was inclined to be good, and
o learn, made him a book of Gin-
g erbread, which he was very fond

of, and learned it as fast as he could. In the evening when *Gaffer Gingerbread* came home, he found that *Giles* had eat up one corner of his Book, at which he was not well pleased. Hey-dey, *Giles*, says he, what do you love Learning so well as to eat up your Book? Why Father, I am not the only Boy who has eat his words. No Boy loves his book better than I do, but I always learn it before I eat it. Say you so, quoth the Father, pray let me hear you say your Lesson. Ay, Father, says *Giles*, you shall hear me sing it, so up he struck, b-a ba, b-e be, b-i bi, and sung the whole Cuzzes Chorus, which the sly Rogue had got out of Mr. *Mein*'s pretty Play-Thing. His Father, however, was wonderfully pleased to see the Boy so apt and ingenious, and therefore gave him another Book, on the learning of which,

e told him much of his Happineſs
r ould depend, and this was the
d ittle.
f *ow to be happy and go to Heaven.*
l nd this was the Book, at leaſt
, heſe are the Leſſons contained
l n it.

1 *Leſſon.* Always rejoice at the Happineſs of others, that you may e happy yourſelf; for he that is pleaſed at another Man's proſpe-ity, enjoys a part of his good For-une.

2 *Leſſon.* Every Man is always as happy or as miſerable as he thinks himſelf; therefore think yourſelf happy, my dear *Giles* that you may be ſo.

3 *Leſſon.* Love the Lord with all your Heart, with all your Soul, and with all your Strength, for you cannot love God half ſo well as he loves you.

4 *Leſſon.* Love your neighbour as

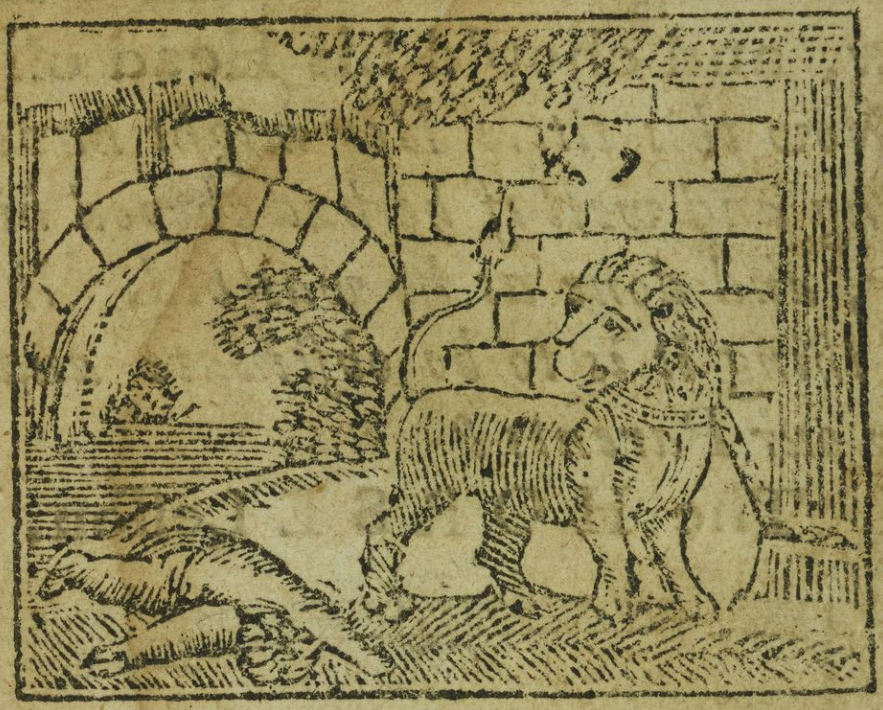
well as you love yourself; that is love him most heartily *Giles*, and be kind to him, and promote his Welfare, that he may promote yours.

5 *Lesson*. Love and pray for your Enemies, *Giles*, that your enemies may become Friends, and love and pray for you.

6 *Lesson*. And my dear *Giles*, say your Prayers Night and morning, and go to Church constantly; and be honest and just in your Dealings; and be charitable and good to all People in Distress; and God Almighty will love you, and bless you, and you will be happy here, and go to Heaven hereafter.

His Father then gave him another Book of Lessons, and here they are.

The LION Leſſon.



When you play with a Lion take ca
of his Paw.

A Man who had bought a Lio
for a Show, and put him into
Hutch, bid his Son come to him
Tom, ſays he, I charge you not t
go near this Place, for if you d
this Beaſt will kill you; ſo be
good Boy, *Tom*, and *do as I bid y*
Yes, Papa, ſaid the Boy; but
did not do as he was bid, for
ſoon as his Father was gone,

went to the Hutch to see the Li
and to play with him, when t
Beast caught hold of him with h
Paw, and chop'd his Head off.

Now this little Boy might have bee
living and well if he had obeyed his F
ther, and done as he was bid. What
sad thing it is to be obstinate and dis
obey our Parents?

The HORSE Lesson.

hen you play with a Horse, take car
of his Heels.

A Boy who was at School, ra
catch a Horse that was in th

Field; upon which one of
Friends who was older and w
than he, told him not to go n
the Horſe, for he would kick.
Sam was above taking his Frie
Advice; and the Horſe, when
came within Reach of his H
gave him ſuch a Kick, that he
taken up for dead.

What a ſilly Boy was this, n
take a Friend's Advice? Had he
ſerved what was ſaid to him, and
at a Diſtance, he would not have
mangled in this Manner.

The BULL Leſſon. *Care*

Dog,
at the
ped at
uch a
lways
when-
key, Jo-
mpany.
ver ve-

n you play with a Bull, take Care of his Horns.

wicked Boy who uſed to tell
lived in a Farm Houſe where
e was an unlucky Bull, that
n ran at People who were go-
by. This the naughty Boy
Advantage of, and frequently
l out *the Bull, the Bull, oh the*
; in order to make the Ser
run to his Aſſiſtance, that he
t then laugh at them. One
he Bull really made at the
nd he called out for Help;
he had told ſo many Lies be-
he Peopie did not believe
Danger, and therefore ne-
ed to his Aſſiſtance, but left
e toſſed by the Bull till he
oſt dead.

the Conſequence of telling Lies
believes a Liar even when
e Truth, becauſe they can-
en that may happen;

therefore the Liars Complaints are never regarded.

The Dog Leſſon.

When you play with a Dog, take Care of his Teeth.

A little Girl had a little Dog, ich ſhe was very fond of, but the was ſurly, and often ſnaped at Fingers. Yet *Jockey* was ſuch a urite, that ſhe would always him at her Heels, and when- ſhe went out, called *Jockey, Jo- Jockey*, to bear her Company.

Jockey, who was never ve-

y came ran mad; and bit poor *Sal-*
y in in such a Manner that she
died.

How dreadful is this! Dogs are very faithful useful Animals, and should be regarded; but every Dog should have his Place and not lie in the Lap, but under the Table. Had the Dog been kept in his Place, little Sally *had been alive and well.*

Giles was fond of his Book, and his
ther gave him new ones every
y, all which he eat up; so that
may be truly said, *he lived upon Learning.* At last Sir *Toby* heard what a good Boy he was, and call-ing one day at *Gaffer Gingerbread's*-he took *Giles* up in his fine Coach, and carried him to *London*, since which we have heard nothing of him; but his Father says, that he is sure *Giles* will behave so well as to get a Coach of his own, and whenever he does, we shall certain

let our Readers know it. Far
ell.

les *Gingerbread*, he lov'd Cream
ard, and Curds,
nd good Books so well that he eat
o his Words.

See here's little *Giles*,
With his Gingerbread Book,
For which he doth long,
And at which he doth look;
Till by longing and looking,
He gets it by Heart,
And then eats it up,
As we eat up a Tart.

TOM TAGG.

The [illegible] retty Little Entertaining
[illegible] ks for Children to be ha

JOHN MEI

AT THE

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